

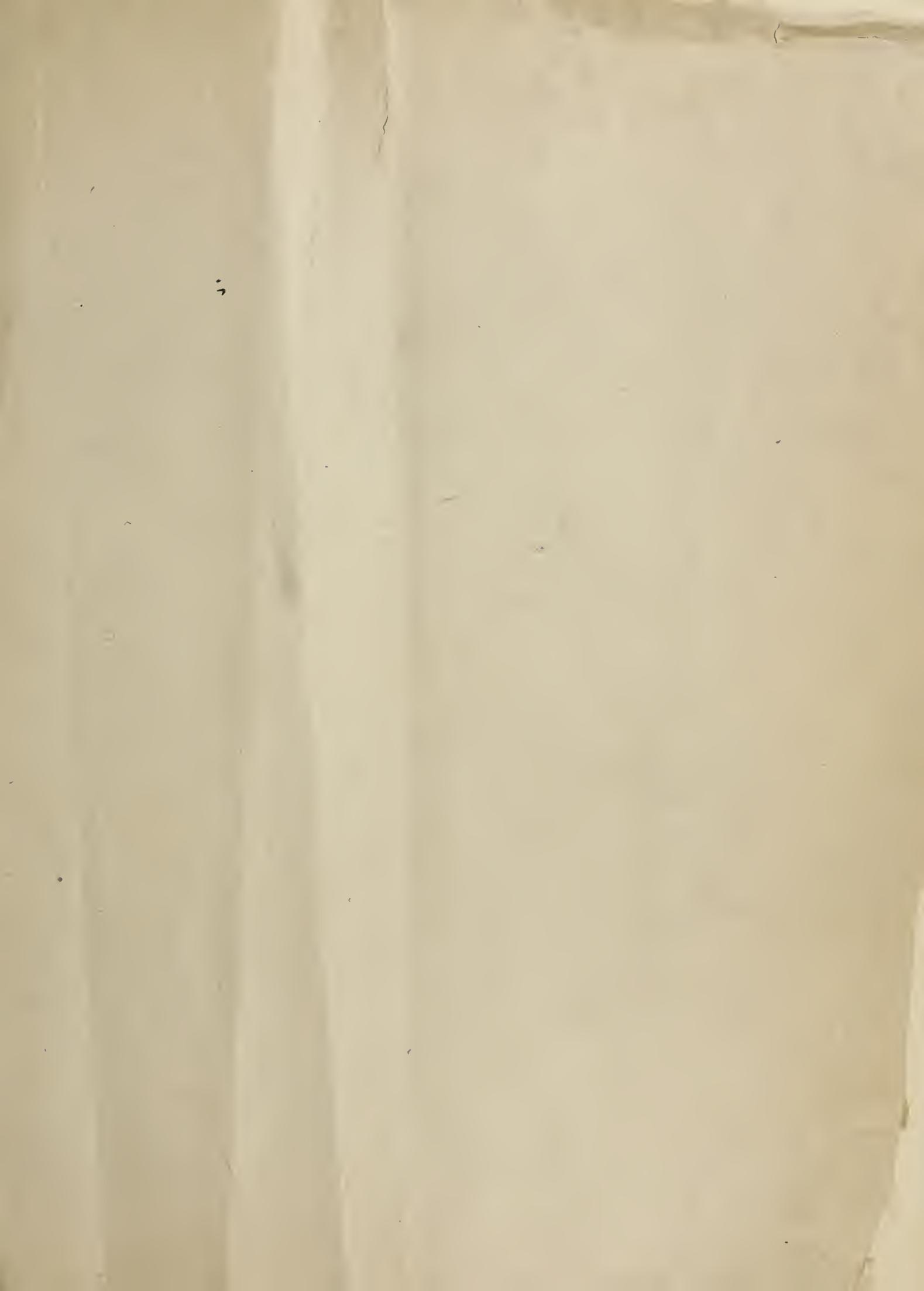


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# GREEN HILLS OF TYROL,

Poetry by  
*George Linley Esq.*  
Music by  
*G. ROSSINI.*

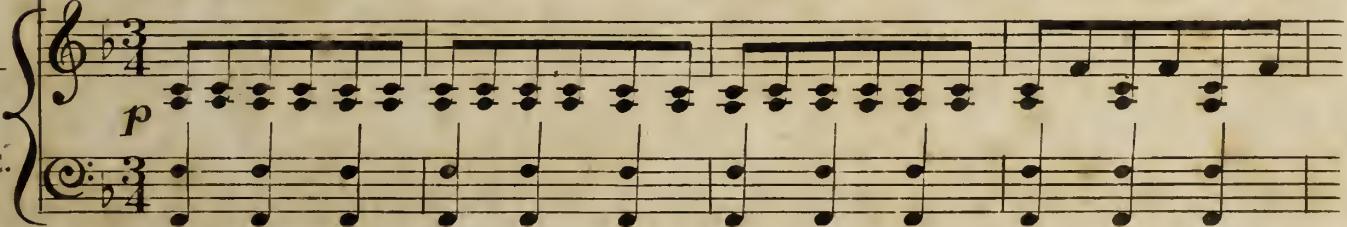
BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington Street.

2d Verse. Haste! haste my love! -- why linger now? -- The Sun is

VOCE. 

ALLEGRETTO.

Green hills of Tyrol! again I see, -- The home of

PIANO-  
FORTE. 

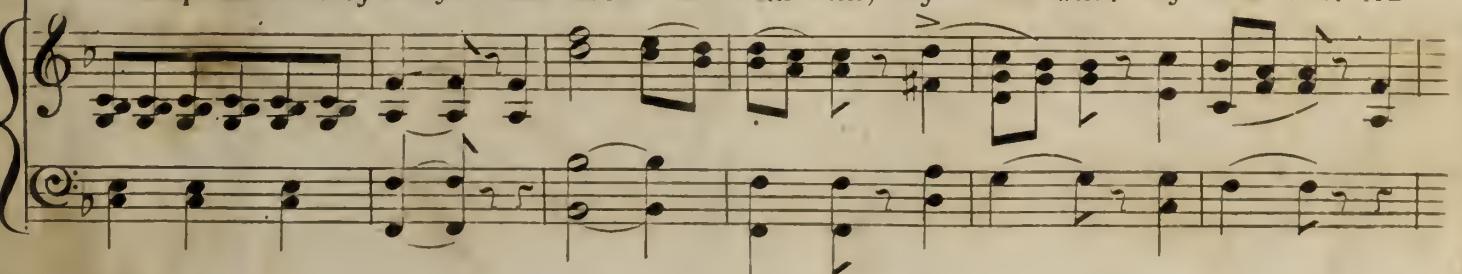
shedding his parting glow; -- The Chamois seeks his peaceful glade, And homeward

childhood so dear to me; -- Again I press your verdant shade, Where oft my



wanders the mountain maid. Oh! come then and cheer me, My own one! My fond one! A-

footsteps have wildly stray'd. Once more I am near him, My own one! My fond one! A-



gain thou shalt hear me sing Love's tender strain, While every note, my lips re-

gain I shall hear him Love's accents re-peat: While to his sighs, My heart re-

-peat, As soft and sweet, Thou'l**t** breathe a\_gain; Then haste my love! - why linger

plies; And every glance is soft and sweet. Green hills of Tyrol a\_gain I

now? The Sun is shedding his parting glow, The Chamois seeks his peaceful

see, The home of childhood so dear to me; A gain I press your verdant

glade, And homeward wanders the mountain maid, Hark, Hark, I hear his well known

shade, Where oft my foot-steps have wildly stray'd. From yonder wood-lands sounding

cry: While answ'ring eeh— o makes re—ply. Now, now, he waves his scarf of green, He comes, he

clear, His merry bu—gle note I hear; With eye of hawk, and falchion keen, He comes, he

comes, &c.

comes, my Tyrol—ien Once more I be—hold him My dear one! My

fond one, To my bosom I'll fold him, My own Ty—rol—ien.

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